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THE XAVERIAN NEWS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

A paper published by the students and devoted to the interests of
St. Xavier College of Commerce and Journalism.

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Farewell Address to Father Heiermann

By George Budde.

Not six years ago, gentlemen, there came to old St. Xavier a new mariner to guide its destinies. He took hold of the helm of the old ship that had withstood the lashings of the waves of life for more than half a century. The glory of the old ship was not forgotten, but it was waning in the rush of progress.

On the advent of the new rector things began to stir perceptibly. In the light of a new progress and under the guiding hand of its new rector, Xavier took the lead and established a new department, a school of broader and more practical education—the College of Commerce and Journalism. From its very inception, this new effort was a grand success, so that we find in this, its sixth year of existence, the St. Xavier College of Commerce and Journalism established on a solid basis and ranking far ahead of similar institutions.

There is an important adjunct to those night classes. It is the Social League. In it the students of all the classes are linked together in gatherings of social enjoyment and good-fellowship. It is one of the important links in the chain that has helped to hold us all together, and it has more deeply imbued its members with the spirit of old St. Xavier.

Gentlemen, all this do we owe to that one master spirit and leading personality, Father Heiermann. His personal interest and keen activity in everything that pertained to the student body has made these things possible and has blazed the pathway toward that Greater St. Xavier which is dear to the hearts of all of us. He has created for this city and its surrounding towns an institution whose influence for good is beyond calculation.

And for what has he done all this gentlemen? For his own glory? No, indeed! It has been all for the young men of this city—for us.

Social League Meeting

The Social League held its meeting in Moeller Hall on January 5th. This meeting was one of sorrow and one of joy. Sorrow as it was the farewell of our President, Father Heiermann, and joy of becoming acquainted with Father McCabe, our new President. The sentiment expressed by the faculty and student body was very impressive and it certainly must have been gratifying to both retiring and incoming Presidents.

Mr. George Budde, President of the Social League, favored Professor Blakely, of the Journalism Class, with the pleasure of acting as Chairman for the evening. Mr. Budde made a speech expressing deep sentiment of regret on behalf of the Social League on the retiring of Father Heiermann.

Mr. Raymond Folz, Vice President of the Social League, heartily welcomed Father McCabe to our College. Professor Mulford, of the Advertising Class, for one time spoke the truth when he stated that everybody who knew or had dealings with Father Heiermann loved and respected him.

Professor O'Meara, of the Public Speaking Class, who usually is inclined to look at the funny side of things, changed his tactics this evening and gave a hearty farewell to the retiring and a warm welcome to the incoming President. Professor DuBrol, of the Industrial Organization Class, made a suggestion to Father McCabe, which, if adopted, no doubt will greatly benefit the College of Commerce and Journalism.

The next to be called upon to speak was Father Heiermann. He stated that he came to St. Xavier in 1911. The same year, with the assistance of the faculty, he established the College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, College of Journalism, Advertising and Salesmanship. These night courses are in their infancy and therefore certainly a wonderful field for the coming president to develop, and make the very best school in the state.

Father McCabe closed the meeting with a few words of having the pleasure in being connected with good old St. Xavier, and said that he would do all in his power to expand the College of Commerce and Journalism, the foundation of which was laid by his predecessor.

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We see him tonight about to leave us at the call of one higher than himself. But, gentlemen, he leaves behind him the foundation of an institution that will keep his memory always fresh in our minds. The Greater St. Xavier which will soon be reared in Avondale will be a mighty institution, gentlemen, and one which will be dear to every student and alumnus of Old St. Xavier.

Tonight we bid farewell to you, Father Hefermann, and with you go the good wishes and prayers of us all for that continued success in your new labors which has ever crowned your efforts at old St. Xavier. Father Hefermann, in the name of the Social League, I bid you farewell!

Address of Welcome to Father McCabe

By Raymond Folz.

We have sustained a loss in Father Hefermann's retiring from his office, but our loss has been compensated by the appointment of our new President; a President who is well known in the educational world for the splendid results he achieved for two institutions whose destinies he guided, St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Marquette University, Milwaukee. Under Father McCabe's direction, St. Mary's developed from a struggling institution into one of the foremost colleges of the West. Indeed, so great was the executive ability shown by its President that he was transferred to Milwaukee, there to guide the affairs of Marquette University. Here again success attended his efforts. By inaugurating and developing various departments, notably those of Commerce and Journalism, by winning for the university the interest and support of the citizens, by raising the standards of studies, he helped Marquette obtain a place in the front rank of higher educational institutions.

Have we not every reason to hope that what he accomplished for Marquette he will also accomplish for old St. Xavier, that he will carry to successful completion the splendid plans sponsored by Father Hefermann? Yes, he will bring to realization the meaning of that expression which is so often on our lips: A Greater St. Xavier!

Filled with such hopes, we can assure you, Reverend Father McCabe, that you are welcome, thrice welcome.

It shall be our great pleasure to assist you in developing more and more the institution that is equally dear to us all, Dear Old St. Xavier.

OUR GREAT TRADITION—SHOULD IT BE DISCARDED?

Tradition has ever played an important part in the world's history. Sometimes it has impeded, sometimes assisted nations. And all nations, large and small, have their traditions—good or bad, helpful or harmful as the case may be.

America was never strong on tradition, and perhaps this circumstance has been largely responsible for her phenomenal development. But she has one great tradition, as potent as any of European nations. It centers about the presidency, and declares that the holder of the great office, shall be elected for a term of four years; may succeed himself once, but thereafter is obliged to decline all offers of further preferment.

Now comes the proposal to lengthen the presidential term of office from four to six years, and limit a holder by constitutional law to one term only.

The advantages of such a proposal are obvious. As things now stand a president is sorely tempted to play politics, from the day of his inauguration, until the second Tuesday of November, four years thence—for when has a president failed to avail himself if possible, of the logical second term?

But if the proposal were submitted to the voters to-day, and buried beneath defeat in our great changeable America, to what agency would we subscribe its rejection? Tradition! Tradition!

And we who are convinced of its practical advantages, still ponder indecisively and ask: shall we accept the purely practical, or preserve America's greatest tradition?

J. George Gutting.

HEAR YE! FELLOW STUDENTS OF ST. XAVIER!

The annual reception of the Social League will be given at Columbian Hall, Woodburn and McMillan streets, Walnut Hills, on Tuesday evening, February 6th. The grand march will begin at 8:30. All members of the Social League and of the Night College are cordially invited to attend.

The purpose of this reception is to give some enjoyment to the scholars of the night school. It therefore behooves everyone to partake of this enjoyment. Furthermore, it is necessary that every student favor us with his presence in order to make it a success, financially and socially.

You will be more than pleased if you attend, as a very interesting program has been prepared by a very competent committee which consists of Messrs. Wm. Brown, Ray Favret, Stanley Hittner, George Long and Wm. Taske. The famous Huffman's Orchestra will furnish the music.

We wish to place particular emphasis on the fact that this reception will be strictly informal. In previous years quite a number of students did not attend as they were under the impression, that it would be formal. However, this year, this excuse will not be accepted.

In regard to subscription, the committee has decided upon the fee of \$1.50 a couple. This price may seem a little high, but it is not exorbitant when you take into consideration the expenses incident to operating an affair of this nature, and also the enormous enjoyments obtained.

Please see to it that you are present and do not forget the date and place—February 6th., Columbian Hall.

THE DRUGGIST.

In order to make a sale, good salesmanship is required. However, sorry to say, it has been pointed out that this statement is not true in every respect. For example, go to a drug store for medicine. When you enter you are obliged to wait for the druggist, and to while away the time you finger through magazines on the stand. While you are busy at this, the druggist examines you from his compartment in the rear of the store, and contemplates of what your financial abilities consist. After having made up his mind in this respect, he comes out to wait on you. You hand him your prescription. He looks at it and tries to read the beautiful calligraphy of the doctor, which neither he nor any other person can decipher, and it is doubtful whether the doctor can himself.

The druggist then looks you over again, and tells you to come back in a half hour. When you are gone he goes back to his compartment, takes a bottle from the shelf and fills the bottle which he has decided to give you. If you have made the impression that you have any money, so to speak, he will give you a large bottle, but should his opinion be the contrary he will give you a small bottle. On your return he may have the medicine ready for you, but in most cases he will not.

On the question of charging he will get as much money from you as he possibly can. It has been conceded that druggists are the most adept persons in regard to getting the most money for their medicine, as the purchaser does not know the value of what he is buying.

You could not class this as good salesmanship, for salesmanship consists in inducing the prospective buyer to purchase one's goods. In this case the buyer dreads to buy medicine, and only does so when conditions compel him, for he is fully aware as to what proposition he faces.

—Salesman.

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THE CHANGE AT ST. XAVIER.

Transferred to the University of Detroit, where he will assume the duties of the Professor of Philosophy, Rev. Father Heierman told the Social League that he would take with him "the most pleasant memories of Cincinnati." It is not amiss to say that pleasant memories of Cincinnati on the part of Father Heiermann will be of most practical benefit to his new scene of labor. But he carries with him not alone pleasant memories of Cincinnati, but the sincerest wishes of the faculty and the entire student body of old St. Xavier. His administration at St. Xavier was one of unremitting labor for the advance of the college, and with that, the advance of Cincinnati in the right direction—education based on sound ethics throughout.

With Father Heiermann, psychology was not of the modern brand—soulless—but ever of the brand recognizing duty to God, to country, to fellow men and to the rising generation under his care. He was a disciplinarian throughout, but he recognized mentality in others and ever delighted in the combat for upholding that which he believed to be sound policies and ever adhered courageously and strongly to his convictions of right. The esteem and the respect in which he was held by the student body of St. Xavier was shown by the members of the Social League, thronging Moeller Hall upon the evening of his farewell and the welcome to his successor, Rev. James McCabe, S. J., an alumnus of St. Xavier and distinguished in the story of St. Mary's College, Kansas, Marquette University and University of Detroit. In his coming to St. Xavier, it was manifest that Father McCabe was deeply impressed with the enthusiasm of the membership of the Social League during the evening of farewell and welcome, the units being from the College of Commerce and Journalism—the sturdy and the growing tree from the seed planted and watered by Father Heiermann, to whom all say: "Hall and Farewell," as they cry "Hall and Welcome" to Father McCabe and ad multos annos to both.

Dean of the College of Arts, Detroit, when transferred to St. Xavier, Father McCabe had served as Rector of St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Marquette University, Milwaukee, and the earnestness of purpose and the great results coming from his administration will be realized by old St. Xavier. There will be loyalty to his administration, with co-operation on the part of faculty and student body. The Social League will be one with him in the advance and permanent progress of the College—the progress which separates the false from the true and builds on foundations of faith and morals.

And so it is—farewell to you, Father Heiermann, and welcome to you, Father McCabe!

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR.

After fifteen instructive lectures by Professor Moullier, the course in Negotiable Instruments is ended. And we, the students of that class, are better business men because of it.

Not until he has reached the last stage of this three-year journey at St. Xavier does the student realize how the subjects dovetail one with another, and how the knowledge obtained in one class deepens and broadens and amplifies the knowledge he obtained in the other classes.

Negotiable papers, especially notes and drafts, are used every day in business life; they are contracts resulting from sales—closed by the salesman because of good advertising—of possibly economic resources which have been transported to the buyer; they may be signed by agents; they frequently serve as money in their general acceptance in the banking world. Of course, a complete record must be kept in the accounting department, even if they are discredited because of bankruptcy, perhaps caused by a lack of sufficient insurance when the corporation's building was destroyed by fire. The fire itself gave the journalists two columns of good news, and at banquets the public speakers cited it as a case of starting a business without knowing how to run it.

Isn't it astonishing how all the subjects combine into a perfect whole?
Will H. Curth.

THANKS.

"Is the Journalists' job, the adage says,

To mould the world's opinion;
Some try to mould in 12-point type
And some rely on minion.

But whatever type the Printer-Man
Sticks for what we'd say,
We want to shape for all you folks
Olad thoughts for Christmas day.

From University of Montana School of Journalism, Christmas, 1916.

A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

Many and strange are the sights that present themselves as I stand before my window. It is most advantageously situated. It faces a street that runs east and perpendicular to the river's bank.

Down in the street below, shouting voices and rumbling wagons are heard above the monotonous whirr of machinery. Market day always brings life and activity to this busy section of an industrious city. A stream of wagons, waiting in turn to pass in and out of this crowded street gives a touch of the "old world" to the picture. There are numberless farm vehicles laden with products of the soil; lumber wagons carrying material to the ever busy builders; the clattering of the ambulance bell as it takes some unfortunate on the way to the hospital, all pass beneath this window. Outside is heard the incessant ringing of the busy blacksmith's anvil.

Far up the street that runs perpendicular to my window, one can see the modest houses that line both sides of it. Out of the haze, looms the archway and portico of the County's Seat of Justice. Looking south one sees the fog that rises from the river, and he listens to the hollow echoes of the boat's signals warning each other of their presence.

This is a view from my window—a view from the past.

"That trades proud empire hastes to sweep decay,

As Ocean sweeps the labored mole away."—Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

That which once was the heart of the busy section of the city has fallen by degrees into a mere byway of commerce. No longer are the streets crowded with wagons. The shouting that once deafened the roar of the machinery has lapsed into peaceful silence.

A garage and repair shop now mark the place where the blacksmith's anvil rang and a gasoline pump takes preference over the old hitching post.

This is a view from that same window today.

A stream of people moving up and down the broad thoroughfare, automobiles of taxi, truck and touring design, noiselessly thread their way to and fro. On the site of the old hospital stands the long planned Union Depot, also the terminal of the subway station. An elevated roadway stretches to the outlying suburbs, while a beautiful boulevard takes the place of an unsightly, unhealthy and time discarded canal. Who lives today that can remember so far back as to recall its muddy waters and its quaint old barges? Night comes on.

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But no longer is it the night of the past. The dark dim streets are now illuminated by clusters of powerful lights, aided by electric signs, everyday becoming more brilliant and elaborate. These give the touch of daylight that brings a welcome glow to the crowds.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion—Sane teeth, sane eyes, sane taste, sane everything."—Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

This is yet another scene from my window—a picture of the future.

Herbert A. Nieman.

A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

Probably the most melancholy and cheerless sight to greet one's eye upon gazing from his window is a cemetery. A mere glance could hardly effect any serious morbidity on the mind, but when one has the time to gaze from his window he is invariably in a thoughtful mood, and when in this state of mind, with the sight directed at a cemetery, some very queer sensations and melancholy reminiscences are induced.

My window directly overlooks the old Catholic cemetery, established and first used about 1816. Its care has been neglected for the past fifteen years, partly because there is very little room for more burials and probably because the kin of those buried there have forgotten them.

A modern cemetery imparts more of an air of commercialism. Its clean white pavements and gravel avenues, its short trimmed grass, its young pruned trees, its erect and symmetrical monuments, its little white sexton's house, its high, shining, black iron fence and fancy gates, all in neat, prim and clean condition, together with an occasional visiting day crowd and prayer service, tend to deduct much of the mystery of its function, but even then a cemetery is cheerless enough.

The one which my window faces is far from this condition. Adding to its mystery and weirdness is its extreme dilapidation, due to long neglect. Its narrow rock roads, almost concealed by high tufts of grass which have grown between the stones, and cornerstones are completely hidden by the overgrowth of grass and vegetation. Its once young beautiful trees which formed a graceful outline hedge have grown to extreme heights and disgracefully crooked. Most of them have died and rotted, leaving a mass of black, dry, cracked branches, much like a huge skeleton outlined against the sky.

Marble was not so extensively used in those days in monuments. The gravemarks and monuments, some iron, some wooden and some lime-

stone, have rotted, rusted or loosened from their settings and are leaning at various angles, like so many mourners leaning over the graves of the dead. The heavy iron chains which once decorated the vaults or enclosed the lots are now broken; leaving one piece dangling from each post, as though broken by something held in bondage. These pieces dangle and rattle hideously against the iron or stone posts when the wind blows.

Very popular in those days was the building of iron fences around the lots with an entrance gate. These are rusting and crumbling and invariably the gates are open as though some one had gone out and in his haste left the gates open. Here and there in the tall grass one may discover a glass case containing many play things of a child, such as coral dolls, horses, tiny statues, etc. placed there many years ago by fond parents. There are also flags, medals, guns and swords evidencing the burial of soldiers. These must have been soldiers of the revolution or of the war of 1812.

Built in the sides of the hills are vaults like caves. The stone slabs which sealed these have loosened from their fittings and large orifices were made. Some of the slabs are lying outward on the ground as though pushed out by some one leaving. The vaults are overgrown with ivy which has preserved the inscriptions on the stone. The inscriptions on many of the monuments which were exposed to the weather have been completely effaced and in their stead, may be seen the colored tracks of snails, forming ghoul-like figures on the stone, much like an attempt at communication by some mysterious hand.

The old sexton's house still stands, needing paint, braces and nails. The dilapidated porch and the broken well house complete the caretaker's home.

Around the cemetery stands, or nearly stands, the old white picket fence, with its different sized railings and leaning posts, the tops of which contain blue bird's nests or worms.

To complete the mystery of the place, an occasional jack o' lantern fits around above the marshy or low places, at night, sometimes causing great alarm among the neighboring families.

The sight of this cemetery at night and in winter time, presents a most picturesque scene, even though sad. Its entire air impresses one with mystery.

Recollections of picking violets, of being locked in a vault until hysterical, of watching a jack o' lantern while holding an elder's hand, and of wild stories told by the old folks, tend to cause me to day dream when I gaze from my window.

Joseph Ahlers.

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ALUMNI MEETING

An enthusiastic meeting of the "Night Alumni" was held in the library of the College Friday evening, January 12. Suitable resolutions were passed upon the retirement of Father Heiermann from the presidency of the College and the loyalty and support of the Alumni were pledged to the new President, Father McCabe. Committees were appointed to select nominees for the Red and Blue tickets for the annual election, which will be held on February 2.

It is very evident that Mr. Skahan is acquiring a wonderful lot of knowledge from his studies in the night classes, for the old saying, "You cannot have hair and brains both," is proving true in his case.